

Brandon Lee as The Crow, Trent Reznor, and Me: The Prequel

A Fanfiction by Freena

Chapter 1: I Do Not Want This

“I just don’t know what else I can do...Everyday is exactly the same,” mumbled Trent to his therapist.

“Care to elaborate, T-Dawg?” asked the doctor.

Trent blushed, angrily. *I hate when he calls me that.*

“What’s the big deal, T-Bone? You’ve got a hot, sexy, beautiful, intelligent, creative, supportive and attractive girlfriend and your career is on the rise. You’re on your way to being the biggest rockstar in the world, and you’re still a fucking whiny pussy ass bitch! What’s really goin on here?”

”Well...” Trent began to confess, “I think I used to have a voice...Now I never make a sound...I just do what I’ve been told. I really don’t want them to come around.”

“Who’s *them*, T-Rizzle?”

“Shut the FUCK UP already before I BURN THIS WHOLE OFFICE DOWN!!!” screamed Trent, now crying. “I DO NOT WANT you to call me by those NICKNAMES. I feel like you don’t even KNOW WHO I AM!!!!” His entire face was now red, beads of sweat dripping off of his thin eyebrows onto his small lips.

“Ok, settle down, Tront. I know your name, I’m just joshing your pickle.”

Trent stood up, hyperventilating, and began pacing around the room, looking for a microphone to throw.

“I see what you’re doing, Tront,” said the therapist, setting his glasses and clipboard down on the coffee table, “This isn’t a music festival stage, there’s no equipment here for you to destroy.”

“SOMETHINGS GONNNA GETT BROOOKKKKENNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Trent yelled at the top of his lungs and swiped his therapist’s computer and landline off the table.

“I think you should go, Tront,” calmly suggested the therapist, “Good talk. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Trent grabbed his designer black latex gloves off the chaise longue and stormed out of the office, fuming. He put in his headphones and pressed play on his walkman, blasting the Skinny Puppy album *Rabies*. He walked all the way to my house and knocked on the door.

“BABE,” he yelled up at my window, “Let me in it’s fucking cold out! All I’m wearing are these gloves and and a fucking tank top.”

I looked down at where he was standing and shivering with a pout, rolled my eyes, and went to go let him in.

“How was therapy?” I asked.

“It was fucking bullshit, that doctor’s a fucking fascist pig,” Trent grumbled, “I hate him. I HATE him.” Veins were popping out of his neck and forehead; he was enraged, shaking in his combat boots. I put a soft blanket over his shoulders and gifted him a tender kiss on the forehead and a cup of hot tea. “FUCK your tea, babe. Bring me a brewski,” he commanded.

I was surprised at his anger, as it usually only came out onstage. At home, he was more of a cryer. I brought him a beer.

“Thanks, babe,” He kissed my cheek, “Sorry I was so mad, I just- I just--” Tears started streaming down his face. *There it is*. “Well,” he whimpered, “They keep calling me.”

“Who’s calling you babe?” I asked, rubbing his bony spine.

“The fuckin label, babe. They’re blowing up my phone trying to get me to go on a big tour to promote the new album. It’s just like--” Trent sniffled, tucking his long hair behind his ear, revealing his massive sideburn, “really hard, cause like, I really wanna be with you and stuff, but like, the intention behind creating this master work of art was to make a fuckload of money, so I feel like I need to just do what they say. And also they said I could bring Marilyn on tour if I wanted to, which would skyrocket ticket sales, babe. I’m just... I’m torn.” Eyes bloodshot and watery, he downed the rest of his beer and asked me to go get him another one.

“Um, why don’t we drink some kratom instead, babe? Slow down on the brewskis maybe?” I suggested. Trent looked at me, still crying, with one eyebrow raised and asked, “What’s kratom?”

“What? Really?” I retorted, shocked that he didn’t know, “Trent, I’ve been drinking kratom like every day since before we even met. We’ve been going out for 2 years and you haven’t noticed?”

“Uh..well, uh..,” Trent stammered.

“Whatever, babe,” I scoffed. “You obviously don’t give a shit about me. All you care about is having sex with Marilyn Manson and selling your stupid ass fucking vinyl records.” I screamed in his face, imitating his idiotic music, “We GET IT, Trent, you’re a BIG MAN, you have SEX A LOT, you’re sooOOOOooOOOo ANGERY, WOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” I rolled my eyes and stomped upstairs to my room, slamming the door behind me.

Almost immediately, Trent ran up the stairs after me, tripping over himself in an attempt to reach my door before I locked it. “Fuck!” he whisper-yelled. “Babe...? BABE! Let me in!” He knocked aggressively, “I’m sorry! I love you, babe! Listen, I wrote you a song. I didn’t play it for you yet because I thought you might leak it. Let me in, I’ll show you!”

I opened the door. “Why the fuck would I leak your song, Trent? You really think I give a fuck enough about your stupid rock band to leak your dumbass new song? What is it?”

“Here,” he pulled out his walkman and inserted a blank tape, labeled *For my Babe*. We sat on my bed, surrounded by posters and cutouts of Brandon Lee as the Crow, my favorite actor from my favorite cult-classic film, *The Crow* (1994). Trent’s song began to play:

*Sunspots cast a glare in my eyes
Sometimes I forget I'm alive*

Dumb, I thought immediately.

*She turns me on
She makes it real
I have to to apologize
For the way I feel*

My life it seems has taken a turn

Why, in the name of God, would I ever want to return

God, he's so bad at music. I looked over at Trent and he was bopping his head like it wasn't even his own track. Such a fuckin tool. *I can't believe I'm dating his nerd ass.* I kept listening, hoping it'd get better.

Peel off our skin, we're gonna burn what we were to the ground

Fuck in the fire and we'll spread all the ashes around

I want to kill away the rest of what's left

And I do, yes I do

"Uh, alright-" I interjected, "That's enough, Trent."

"What??" He stammered again, "What do you mean? Don't you love it, babe? Like I love you?"

"Listen idiot," I said, looking him straight in those beautiful eyes that are so damn close together, "We're over. I'm sick and tired of having to tell you your songs are good, and having to casually chill with Marilyn Manson when I KNOW he's your side bitch. It's draining, and I'm fucking done. You can leave now."

"But, babe!" he pleaded, "We're in this together!" He grabbed my hand and looked into my eyes, his hair, wet for some reason, sticking to his long, horse-like face.

"Babe," I whimpered, confused about which way to feel, "You know I love you, it's just--"

"Just like you imagined," whispered Trent, laying me down softly onto my bed. He started running his long fingers through my black hair and feeling my tits, with a smirk across his small mouth. I smiled back and he shoved his gloved fingers into my mouth, laughing. "I'm gonna cum all over you," he threatened.

Distraught by my emotions and horny and fuck, I submitted to him. As he slid his large, pulsating member between my thighs, I just stared at my posters of Brandon Lee as The Crow, and pretended it was him. I could almost feel Brandon Lee as The Crow's curly locks brush my face as Trent thrust in and out of me, panting.

As soon as it began, it was over, and we were lying in a pool of Trent's sticky sperms and my thick, hot blood.

"What happened, babe?" Trent asked nervously.

"I'm on my period," I told him.

"Oh," he sighed a breath of relief, "So much blood for such a tiny little hole..."

"Stop quoting yourself, jackass," I said, annoyed, and pushed him off of me. "I'm going out. And by the way, we're still over- have fun on tour, jerk. See you never."

"You can never leave me!" Trent whined, dramatically.

I slammed the door and ran outside, leaving Trent to clean up the mess.

"Hey, GOD!" yelled Trent, alone in my room, staring at the ceiling, "why are you doing this to me?" He whimpered, gayly, laying on my bed with his humongous flaccid dick out, and gloves still on. He glanced at the edge of the bed and saw my diary laying open. Curious and brokenhearted, he pulled it closer, flipped back to the beginning, and began to read:

August 3rd:

Dear Diary,

Today was so dope!!! I met this guy who is apparently in this gay goth band called The Nine Inch Nails. I was just sitting on the curb outside the Vape Shoppe, tearing open my new bag of kratom, and he walked by wearing a big knitted sweater filled with holes and leather shorts with hanging garter straps. I was like WTF like so shocked at how hot he was I even spit out some of my kratom..He saw me drooling a little n walked over, asking 4 a light even tho he

already had a lit cig in his mouth. I didn't know what to say so I didn't say anything, but he sat down next to me anyways. He introduced himself as Trent (dumb name I know) and asked if I knew who he was. I said no and he just laughed and said "Good. I can't seem to escape all these Starfuckers nowadays." Idk what he was talking about but idrc cuz he was so hot. Anyways, he gave me his number and told me to spank his line if I ever wanted to jam out. I don't know what any of that means either but I'm def gonna give him a call.

Trent smiled nostalgically and let out a monstrous sigh before he flipped a few pages into the future.

September 25th:

Dear Diary,

OMG!!!! I can't believe its been sooo long since I've written in here, but I've just been soOoOoOo busy with my new B<3YFRIEND, TRENT!!!! After that day outside the Vape Shoppe I called him up to chillax and we haven't spent a day apart since !!! He's soooo hot and cute. His music kinda sucks but its whatever cuz his cock is fuckjign huge!!! And he has these black latex gloves that he fist fucks me with, it's hella sexy and hot. All my friends are like really jealous because I don't hang out with them anymore and I'm like always having sex with my hot boyfriend Trent ((who's in a supposedly popular band)) in the basement of his grandma's shitty diner, but idrc about them. All that matters now is Trent.

Trent slammed the diary shut, and threw it across the room, overwhelmed with emotions. Punching himself in the head repeatedly, he tried to resist the memories of every fuckup he'd committed in our relationship flashing through his head. Visions of Trent ripping off Marilyn's translucent latex underwear and going down on him screamed in his face, with Marilyn's voice whispering, "She'll never know," repeating over and over in his head. Next, my face, contorted

and red from sobbing, took over his vision. “HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!” My voice echoed. Screaming at the hallucinations, Trent whimpered, loudly, “Could I have been a better person? If I could only do it all again...” Weeping uncontrollably, still covered in his semen and my blood, Trent grabbed the phone from my bedside table and started dialing my number.

“What do you want, dickweed?” I answered the phone, “I’m busy.” The muffled sound of another man’s voice said, “who’s that?” and I shushed him.

Trent immediately hung up and reached into my drawer, pulling out a fatass bag of kratom. Shaking, he grabbed a half-empty Mango La Croix off the floor and poured half the kratom into the fancy seltzer, chugging the whole cocktail in less than a minute. He laid there for a while, beating his meat machine and weeping uncontrollably, reading my diary, and reminiscing on simpler times. Trent got up and stumbled over to my vanity, looking for some cornstarch (very important) to rub all over his leather shorts. *Damn, I’m high as shit off this kratom*, he thought, rifling around in my makeup drawer.

“The fuck is this?” Trent gasped. A letter addressed to Brandon Lee as the Crow with lipstick kiss prints all over it and a vial of my blood labeled *FOR BRANDON (LEE AS THE CROW)* peeked out from my coffin-shaped jewelry box, a commemorative promotional item from the release of the movie, *The Crow* (1994). Trent tore the letter open and began reading it:

My dearest Brandon Lee as the Crow,

I’m writing this letter to you as a declaration of my love. I have a boyfriend, his name is Trent Reznor. He’s great and all but the bottom line is that he’s not you.

Trent gasped and looked up from the letter, noticing all the photos and posters of Brandon Lee as the Crow plastered to my walls. And none of him. He continued reading:

You see, Brandon Lee as the Crow, I’m truly, madly, deeply, in love with you and I’m not quite sure how to handle these feelings....Trent lives with me at my parents’ house and we’ve been going steady for a while. But when he fucks me I only think of you...your

greasy, curly mane...the electrical tape stuck to your perfect abs and biceps...the black leather pants that hold your cock so tightly in place...not to mention the trench coat. Anyways, I'm not sure if this letter will ever reach you, I just needed to let these feelings out of my head. They've been circulating for months and I can't help but wonder what it'd be like if you and I were together. I know we are meant to be because every night I burn, every night I scream your name. Everynight I burn, Brandon Lee as the Crow, dreaming the crow black dream. I would do anything for you. My devotion holds no bounds. In fact, I am writing this letter with my own blood. Attached to this letter is a vile of blood I've collected for you. It is also my own blood. Brandon (Lee as the Crow), you must know that I cut myself and think of you every time I watch The Crow (1994) in hopes that you'll feel me somehow, even so far away. Do what you will with it.

I am eternally yours.

Trent, fuming, tore the letter up into pieces and grabbed the vile of my blood meant for Brandon Lee as the Crow. Holding it up to his shockingly long nose, Trent opened the vile and took a whiff so extremely deep, he fell onto the floor. The blood spilled all over his face, and he laid there unconscious for a while.

Chapter 2: Gave Up

"I'm just so sick and tired of Trent acting like a big ass baby all the time," I vented to my best friend, Kurt Cobain, as we sat in the Kava Bar & Vape Shoppe, sipping kratom tea.

"Yeah," Kurt responded, looking away. Even *he* was tired of my relentless bitching about Trent.

"Anyways, I continued, "He's just such a bitch. I don't even like--HOLD ON--" I nearly spit out my kratom, eyes bulging out of my head as I watched Brandon Lee as the Crow enter the bar, trench coat and all.

“What’s going on?” asked Kurt, confused at my slobbering, sweating face.

“SHUT UP,” I whisper-screamed, “Ok, do NOT turn around but Brandon Lee as the Crow just walked in here. He’s buying a vape.”

“OMG, are you serious??” exclaimed Kurt, “What flavor? I mean, go talk to him!!”

Red as a pepper, I stuttered, “T-talk to him?! I can’t even look at him! And he’s buying MANGO flavor...ugh...that’s Trent’s favorite.”

“Forget about Trent!” Kurt encouraged, blatantly turning around and staring at Brandon Lee as the Crow. “Your soulmate is in the same room as you, practicing vape tricks and you’re too nervous to even talk to him? This is a once in a lifetime opportunity!” Kurt brushed some Kratom powder off of his fuzzy cardigan and tucked in his Daniel Johnston shirt. “If you don’t go say something to him, I will. I’m a fan, too, ya know.”

“Ok Kurt, NO. You’re already embarrassing me enough just sitting in here with your greasy ass hair, staring at him. I’ll just go...ask him...what he thinks of the vape...”

I got up, stumbling over the table which Kurt and I sat at, and made my way over to the counter, where Brandon Lee as the Crow was trying out different vape pens and practicing tricks.

“Um...hi.” I said to him, in awe of his curly, wet hair and perfectly messy face paint.

“Hi,” he responded, a little taken aback. “Can I help you?”

I couldn’t believe I was actually talking to Brandon Lee as the Crow. As I looked into his eyes, all I could think about was his fat, throbbing cock in my mouth and his devilish laugh, my most favorite fantasy.

“Uh- uh, no, I mean, yes!” I stammered, “Um, I was just wondering...What do you think of that uh, vape pen? I’ve heard it’s...pretty good.” I smiled nervously.

“Oh, this thing right here?” Brandon Lee as the Crow laughed, twirling the vape pen around his long, bony fingers. “It’s dope,” he smiled, “Super dope.”

“Oh, uh, cool!” I giggled.

“You a big vaper?” Brandon Lee as the Crow asked, seemingly genuinely interested.

Oh fuck. I don't even vape. What the eff do I say?! At this point, I was sweating profusely and completely unsure of what to do with my hands.

“GOD, I love to vape,” I responded, enthusiastically, almost smacking him in the face with my frantic arm gestures. “That mango flavor is Trent’s favorite, haha.” *Oh, god, oh god, oh god. WHY did I bring up Trent!?*

“Trent?”, asked Brandon Lee as the Crow, quizzically analyzing my nervous facial expression, “as in...Trent Reznor? Of Nine Inch Nails?”

“What?” I spluttered, “Oh! Uh, yeah. How’d you know?” I looked past Brandon Lee as The Crow and saw Kurt cracking up, watching me make an ass of myself in front of my one true love.

“Well, you’re wearing a Nine Inch Nails t-shirt,” Brandon Lee as the Crow chuckled, “It’s cool, I’m a fan too. Their latest album was dope. I was thinking about seeing them on their next tour. I heard it’s starting next month.”

“Oh..yeah,” I coughed, “Trent’s actually a...friend of mine.” *Fuck. ‘Friend?!’ What am I saying!?*

“Wow, really?” Brandon Lee as the Crow responded, impressed, “Do you think you could get me some tickets to his next show?”

I wiped the sweat off my forehead and looked around the bar for Kurt, but he was nowhere to be seen.

“You ok?” asked Brandon Lee as the Crow, now looking concerned for my well-being.

“Um, haha yeah, I’m totally chilling!” I said, freaking out, “Hey, listen, I’ve actually gotta go right now immediately haha but-” I wrote my number on a piece of paper and handed it

to him, shuddering at the mere feeling of his ginormous hands touching mine, “Call me sometime! I can uh, ask Trent about those tickets,” I lied.

“Sure,” responded Brandon Lee as the Crow, smirking and holding onto my hand for longer than what seemed normal. “I’ll call you.”

I walked uncomfortably fast out of the Kava Bar & Vape Shoppe, clenching my fists with excitement. As soon as I’d left, my phone lit up with a text from an unknown number.

Hey, its me, Brandon Lee as the Crow. Lunch tomorrow?

HOLY FUCK!!!!!!! Unable to control my squealing, I turned the corner and immediately called Kurt, panting.

“Hey,” he answered, grungily. “I’m at the park. Seems like you and--”

I hung up and immediately began sprinting to where he was. When I got there, Kurt was writing song lyrics on a torn up napkin and flipping off every happy family that walked by. I grabbed the napkin out of his hand and explained everything that had just happened, hysterically.

“You need to help me get ready for tomorrow!” I pleaded, “He wants to meet at Trent’s grandma’s diner! What do I do?!”

“Tell him that place sucks,” Kurt suggested, blowing the hair out of his face, “Tell him uhuh, you wanna smoke weed and eat a breadbowl at Panera instead.”

“PERFECT,” I exclaimed, grabbing Kurt by the pocket chain and leading him back to my house.

When we arrived at my crib, Trent was gone, and a puddle of blood sat on my bedroom floor, surrounded by torn up pieces of my letter to Brandon Lee as the Crow. *What the FUCK.* There was a letter addressed to me, from Trent, positioned carefully on my pillow to cover up a spilled kratom stain. I opened the letter and read it:

To my deepest, truest love. To the voice inside my head, the lover in my bed, the kratom in my brain, the end of all my dreams. To the angel of my destruction: My BABE, It is I, Trent, writing this letter to you. I stumbled upon your letter to Brandon Lee as the Crow and I read it in its entirety. I have decided that I can no longer be with you, as much as I love you. I know that when you broke up with me you didn't mean it, so here is me, initiating this break up, and breaking up with you first. I'm leaving you. I'm going to go on tour and make a shit load of money, so much money that I will be able to buy up all the kratom in the world and leave you none of it. So much money that I will never have to step foot in this old-world, working-class town ever again. So much money that if you ever try to contact me again I will hire a hundred armed bodyguards to track you down and destroy you. You've broken my heart a thousands times, babe, but this – this letter, this betrayal – this is deep. All these pieces, and promises, and left-behinds...It's clear to me now that the two of us were never meant to be. I tried with you, and I gave up. I've already begun work on a new album about myself, and the struggles I've had to endure throughout my beer addiction, my scented candle addiction, and the worst addiction of all: being in a relationship with you, you homewrecking, maleficent-ass cunt. It will be called "The Fragile" and it will top the charts. I never want to see you again, babe.

Farewell,

Trent

It was written in his blood, or my blood. I couldn't tell.

"Holy shit, Kurt, read this." I handed him the letter. I felt like I'd just had the wind knocked out of me. "I mean, yeah he was a terrible boyfriend but...I still love him...I didn't think he would *actually* leave..."

"Dude," whispered Kurt, solemnly, "I...you know what?" His tone changed, "Maybe Trent's right. Maybe you two were never meant to be. Look at your room, for fucks sake."

I wiped a tear and looked up at Kurt, then at my walls, thousands of images of Brandon Lee as the Crow taped onto every flat surface.

“Fuck!” I remembered, “I have to take all this shit down before I see him tomorrow, what if he comes over?!”

Kurt and I burst out laughing and spent the rest of the night removing every trace of Brandon Lee as the Crow fangirl material and The Crow memorabilia from my room. We fit everything into 8 large boxes and shoved them in the attic.

Chapter 3: Victims, Aren't We All?

The next day, I walked into Panera, anxiously looking around the restaurant for Brandon Lee as the Crow. There he was, sitting in a booth situated between two families with screaming children, in the middle of the crowded room. I sat down and said hello.

“No window tables available?” I asked, awkwardly trying to break the ice.

“Oh, there were window tables. I just hate the sun.” Brandon Lee as the Crow looked over at the people sitting by the windows and scoffed. “So, you ask Trent about those tickets yet?” he asked immediately.

“Well, Brandon Lee as the Crow,” I admitted, fearfully, “There’s something I have to tell you. Trent is actually my ex-boyfriend. I don’t think that even if I did want to go to one his shows, he’d give me tickets. It was kind of a rough breakup.”

Brandon Lee as the Crow sat back in his seat, dumbfounded by my confession.

“I know,” I sighed, “I should’ve told you yesterday.”

Brandon Lee as the Crow smiled and took my hand. My heart skipped a beat. “It’s okay,” Brandon Lee as the Crow said, “You know, that wasn’t the only reason I asked you out. I felt a real connection with you in the Kava Bar & Vape Shoppe. It’s like you knew exactly what to

say. Truthfully, I brought you here because I wanted to spend more time with you. You intrigued me.”

Even trying to hide my amazement, my jaw dropped, and I clutched Brandon Lee as the Crow’s cold hands even tighter. Brandon Lee as the Crow cracked a smile and leaned in to give me a tender, wet kiss on the lips, leaving my mouth stained black from his lipstick.

“Come,” Brandon Lee as The Crow beckoned, “I want to show you something. Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed my hand and led me out of the Panera Bread restaurant into the empty city street, God weeping torrential downpour upon us. Brandon Lee as the Crow hoisted me up into his arms and began sprinting down an alleyway, laughing deliriously. I looked up at Brandon Lee as the Crow’s face in slow motion as my long, black pigtails were whipped us both viciously. I stared at Brandon Lee as the Crow’s cracked white face paint, smeared from the rain, totally enraptured by his sculpted cheekbones and sharp, perfect jawline.

“Brandon Lee as the Crow,” I whimpered, “Where are we going?”

Brandon Lee as the Crow looked down at me, grinning, still hurdling over the slippery cobblestone streets elegantly, and a chuckle escaped from his perfect, soft black lips.

“Heaven,” he whispered, leaping up onto a dumpster and catapulting us both onto a gritty, muddy rooftop overlooking the entire city.

“Wow, Brandon Lee as the Crow,” I gasped, dragging my hands down Brandon Lee as the Crow’s tight ripped shirt, pulling on the ropes tied around his perfect abs with my soft fingers. “This is beautiful. But...Why did you bring me here? You don’t even...know me...and I don’t...well...this all just seems so sudden...” I looked up at Brandon Lee as the Crow, my brows furrowed, hoping to God this wasn’t a dream.

“Hey,” Brandon Lee as the Crow looked down at me, clutching my neck with his colossal, rough hands, “I brought you here because...well...” Brandon Lee as the Crow flipped his wet curls out from his face and looked away from me, sighing, “I want to destroy you completely by making love to you the way nobody ever has before. Not even Trent... It’s you,

and only you.” He pulled me in close, now whispering in my ear, deeply, while moving his fingers lightly up and down my back, giving me goosebumps and making my pussy drip onto the ground. “I know it seems rash, but I couldn’t stop fantasizing about penetrating your sweet little cunt with my ginormous cock since the moment you approached me at the Kava Bar & Vape Shoppe. Your supple breasts, your long, black pigtails...your nervous giggle...God, I just want to kill you.” Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed me by the waist and pulled a shiv out of his pocket, holding it up to my throat as he grinded his massive bulge against my skirt through his wet leather pants.

“B-but, Brandon Lee as the Crow,” I whimpered, trying so hard to resist the urge to take off all my clothes right then and there, and spread my legs for my God. “I’m just feeling a little, um, emotional right now...about Trent...you know....”

Brandon Lee as the Crow lifted the knife from under my neck and held it behind his back, giving me a few inches of distance. “You wanna talk about it?” Brandon Lee as the Crow suggested, tauntingly with a smirk.

I looked into Brandon Lee as the Crow’s painted eyes, teeming with mischief and devilish eroticism. “No,” I declared immediately, pulling him in close again and pulling his extremely hard cock out of his stiff pants, “I don’t.” I giggled up at Brandon Lee as the Crow and he responded, “Didn’t think so,” before pulling the knife back out and shoving me onto the ground, ripping my shirt off and slashing my tummy, licking up the blood devilishly. I moaned in euphoria as Brandon Lee as the Crow continued to slice my body and suck the blood up, starting at my arms, then back to my torso and thighs, each time thrusting his massive cock harder into my tight, hot, dripping pussy. I whined uncontrollably out of pleasure as Brandon Lee as the Crow brought the knife back up to my throat, laughing maniacally, with his cock still balls-deep and erect inside of me.

“Victims, aren’t we all?” Brandon Lee as the Crow whispered in my ear, lightly slicing my throat.

“What?” I said, pushing Brandon Lee as the Crow away from me, confused as to why he was quoting himself like Trent would.

“You heard me,” Brandon Lee as the Crow whispered back, grinning. I rolled my eyes hard and sat on the wet ground, pulling out a big bag of kratom, pouring a whole fuckload into my mango-pineapple Tropicana and shaking it vigorously before chugging the whole bottle in one big gulp.

“HEY,” Brandon Lee as the Crow yelled through his teeth, tossing the knife on the ground and grabbing me, binding me into a chokehold. I gasped, the kratom already taking effect, a deep wave of ecstasy flushing throughout my body.

“Kratom is bad for you,” Brandon Lee as the Crow sternly declared, gripping my throat and forcing the muddy, green cocktail out of my mouth, reversing the effects of the legal Vape Shoppe drug, “Do you understand?” Brandon Lee as the Crow whisper-screamed in my face, spit flying out from his gritted teeth. Choking and whimpering, I nodded in agreement and Brandon Lee as the Crow released his hold on me, freeing me to run to the roof door and down the stairs frantically, crying all the way home.

Chapter 4: Say That Again

It had been over a week since I’d last seen Brandon Lee as the Crow. I’d spent the whole time at home, making mixtapes, smoking cigarettes, drinking kratom, and writing in my diary about my apparent kratom addiction, brought to light by Brandon Lee as the Crow. Alone in my room, I pulled out a photo of Trent from my bedside table drawer and stared at it for a while, cutting myself angrily and pretending he was there with me, as my little spoon. Suddenly, my window flew open and Brandon Lee as the Crow hopped up onto the window sill with his crow on his shoulder and his hair and leather trench coat sopping wet even though it hadn’t rained in days. I gasped, falling backwards onto my bed, trying to hide the photo of Trent behind my back.

“Whatcha got there?” Brandon Lee as the Crow sneered, eyebrows raised.

“W-what?” I stammered, “How did you find me? What are you doing here?!” I collected myself, trying to cuttily wipe the blood off of my arms, even though I knew Brandon Lee as the Crow was watching and analyzing my every movement. Brandon Lee as the Crow smirked and swung his legs over the window, inviting himself into my sacred space and pulling the cigarette out of my mouth, taking a drag.

“You shouldn’t smoke these, you know,” Brandon Lee as the Crow coughed, “They’ll kill ya.” Brandon Lee as the Crow tossed the cigarette onto my carpet and stomped it out with his muddy, coming-undone combat boots. “And let’s just say a little birdy informed me of your location,” Brandon Lee as the Crow smiled, winking at the crow on his shoulder, which cawed in concurrence.

“What the FUCK are you doing here, Brandon Lee as the Crow??” I asked again, this time more scared, inching further away from him.

“I came to see how you were doing,” Brandon Lee as the Crow said, sweetly, while continuing to corner me up against my bed frame. “Last time we met, you seemed to be struggling with—” Brandon Lee as the Crow looked over at my bedside table at the cluster of empty and half-empty kratom-juice bottles, “—that.” Brandon Lee as the Crow crawled onto my bed, now towering over me, his wet hair dripping onto my face, the cool water and his hot body making me as wet as he was. Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed my cold, bloody wrists and pinned me down onto the bed, gazing down at my my fearful, watering eyes and then at my hard nipples, peeking through my lace tank top. Releasing my wrists, Brandon Lee as the Crow kneeled above me, holding me down with his whole body weight on my pelvis as he removed his drenched leather coat, exposing his tight, ripped black shirt and the electrical tape wrapped around his knuckles, arms, and torso. I squeaked feverishly at the sight of Brandon Lee as the Crow’s massive hard-on erupting from beneath his leather pants yet again.

“I want you,” Brandon Lee as the Crow declared, flipping himself and me over and sitting me atop his unbelievable boner, prompting my body to go into uncontrollable writhing mode, “And I know you want my cock, you disgusting, bloody whore.” Brandon Lee as the

Crow slid his tight pants down and ripped my satin skirt off, thrusting his 12 inch dick inside of my tiny pussy forcefully, extracting an orgasmic scream from my core.

“I do,” I whimpered, shyly, eyes rolling back into my head from the intense pleasure. Brandon Lee as the Crow slid out of me and gripped my neck with one hand while smacking my pussy with the other, laughing like a fucking maniac. “Please,” I groaned, as Brandon Lee as the Crow withheld his elephantine cock from me, watching me squirm in agony, my pussy dripping, longing for his heavenly penetration. Brandon Lee as the Crow rolled his smeared, clowney eyes at me and chuckled for a second before clutching my waist with his strong, muscly arms and slamming his cock inside my nala again, vigorously. Brandon Lee as the Crow and I fucked for hours in all types of positions until we both finally came onto each others bodies, our fluids mixing and dripping everywhere as the sun began to peek through my bedroom window.

“I love you,” I said.

“Say that again,” Brandon Lee as the Crow pulled me in tighter, nuzzling my face into his chest.

“*I love you*,” I said, and meant it.

Brandon Lee as the Crow and I spent the next few months together every day, violently making love on rooftops and in alleyways, cutting ourselves and each other, and fixing each others face paint, lovingly. We got our own apartment in the city together, and lived there with our cat, Gabriel. Though life seemed perfect – I was in a serious relationship with my God and idol, we had a beautiful living situation with antique furniture and medieval paintings and candelabras overlooking the entire city, and the amount of times a day Brandon Lee as the Crow would give me intense orgasms made it so that I didn’t even *need* to drink kratom anymore – not a day went by when I didn’t think about Trent. I would wait for Brandon Lee as the Crow to jump out of our 13-story window every night at 3:33, then immediately run to the attic and pull out my secret chest, stuffed with NIN memorabilia and photos of Trent and I, to reminisce on the old days.

It was like any other night, rainy and gloomy outside. I was sitting in the attic with candles lit all around me, staring at the old photos of Trent I kept so hidden, when suddenly, Brandon Lee as the Crow jumped up into the attic and pushed me onto the ground, angrily.

“YOU STILL LOVE HIM,” Brandon Lee as the Crow screamed, his voice cracking from trying to hold back tears.

“Wha-Uh?! Brandon Lee as the Crow!” I gasped, petrified that my beautiful lover had found me in my hiding spot. “How long have you been watching me?! W-what are you holding??” I stuttered, noticing Brandon Lee as the Crow hiding a big, tank-looking object underneath his trench coat. Brandon Lee as the Crow smiled eerily and backed away from me, calmly. Blowing out the candles one by one, Brandon Lee as the Crow stepped slowly around the creaking attic, which was growing darker, pouring something on the ground on and around my sacred NIN chest. Holding the last lit candle in his hand, Brandon Lee as the Crow emptied the tank he was holding and tossed the big metal container onto the ground, commanding me to back away.

“Brandon Lee as the Crow...” I whispered, fearfully, “What are you doing?”

Holding the flickering candle up to his face and smiling devilishly at me, tears now streaming down his painted cheeks, Brandon Lee as the Crow loudly declared, “Is that gasoline I smell?”

He tossed the candle into the open chest and it exploded into flames as he cheered, laughing sardonically, watching the photos of Trent and I fly into the air and disappear into a whirl of smoke and ashes. Coughing and choking on the thick smoke, I passed out on the floor, and Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed me and brought me downstairs into our bedroom before going back to extinguish the fire as to not burn down our beautiful apartment.

“Babe,” Brandon Lee as the Crow whispered to my unconscious body, “It’s gonna be okay. Trent is in the past, babe. I’m the one who loves you, babe.” Hours went by as Brandon Lee as the Crow caressed my sleeping face, speaking sweet nothings to my insentient being.

“B-Brandon Lee as the Crow?” I coughed, waking up from my explosion-induced coma-state. “What happened?” I looked around our bedroom; everything was the same except Brandon Lee as the Crow’s crow was nowhere to be seen, and Brandon Lee as the Crow’s sexy outfit was covered in ashes.

Brandon Lee as the Crow flipped his sopping wet hair and wiped a tear from beneath his beautiful eye, “I’m cooler than Trent, babe. I needed to show you somehow.”

“Trent? What are you--” It started to come back to me. “Babe, what happened to your crow, babe?” I asked, nervously. Something wasn’t right. Brandon Lee as the Crow was always in close vicinity to his crow, unless he was planning something malicious or trying to find something out...Brandon Lee as the Crow looked away from me, trying to hide his smirk. “Babe,” I said, seriously, “WHERE is your crow?”

Brandon Lee as the Crow gently shushed me and tucked me into our bed, looking at his watch. “Get some rest, darling...You need it,” Brandon Lee as the Crow kissed me gently on the lips and announced, “It’s 3:33, I’m going out,” before jumping out of our bedroom window dramatically, as always. I reached over to our bedside table and grabbed my kratom juice, chugging it, thinking of all the mistakes I’d made...I needed to cope somehow...

To Be Continued...